Irrigation's Greatest Feat.

A Tunnel Nearly Six Miles Long to Make a Desert Bloom.

MONTROSE, Col., July 1.—Work on the most difficult irrigation project that the United States Reclamation Service has undertaken will begin near here in a few days. The Gunnison River, which now runs through a precipitous cañon between walls of rock 3,000 feet high, is to be diverted, through a tunnel five and three-quarters miles long, into the Uncompahgre Valley, where 150,000 acres of arid lands will be rendered fertile by its waters.

The difficulty of the project lies in the boring of the tunnel through the Vernal Mesa, the tableland that forms one side of the Grand Cañon of the Gunnison and separates it from the Uncompahgre Valley. There is nothing to equal it in the wonderful story of irrigation in America, and in American railroading only the Hoosac Tunnel approaches it in length.

Chief Engineer F. H. Newell of the Reclamation Service said, in accepting the report of the Uncompahgre Valley Water Users' Association, in Denver, the other day, that while the history of ancient Rome might record a similar engineering feat of equal importance, there was nothing since then to compare with it.

The Uncompahgre Valley lies in southwest Colorado and comprises parts of Montrose, Ouray and Delta counties. The valley, the river that divides it and the mountains that flank it were all named after the Uncompahgre Utes, the aborigines of this region.

Capt. J. W. Gunnison, when he made the exploring tour of this region that ended in his death, declared the valley worthless. Every one else held the same opinion until the practicability of diverting the Gunnison was considered.

The valley is about thirty miles long and averages nine miles in width. Some of it is now irrigated by the Uncompahgre River, but this tract comprises only about 10,000 acres, while there are 150,000 acres that the tunnel will be the means of reclaiming.

The supply of water from the Uncompahgre is only fair at best, but what it will do is shown about this town, which, with a population of 1,200, is the largest in the valley. Here are fine orchards of apples, peaches and pears, yielding as high as $400 an acre. Further down the valley there are only alkali soil and sage brush, such as you will see for hours in crossing the desert.

About ten years ago landowners in the Uncompahgre awakened to the fact that while they had no water thousands of cubic feet of it was going to waste each second through the Gunnison cañon, only twelve miles away and parallel to them. The steep walls of the cañon make cultivation there impossible, and the river, from its source, in the Continental Divide, is kept in its prison till freed at its junction with the North Fork near Delta. The bar to the project was the supposed impenetrability of the cañon. No explorer had been able to follow the Gunnison through those walls of rock, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high and showing between them only a narrow slit of sky. During the ten years the matter was frequently discussed, but nothing was accomplished.

In 1900, a party of residents of the Uncompahgre valley made the first investigation of the Gunnison as a source of water supply. They explored the cañon for twenty-one perilous days, and succeeded in getting only half way through it. The record of their journey is a succession of hairbreadth escapes.

They returned convinced that the project would be too costly to be practicable. Later in 1900 there was a cursory investigation by the Government, and in 1901 the first systematic survey was begun by A. L. Fellows, district engineer of the Reclamation Service.

Mr. Fellows is the man to whom the Gunnison tunnel will owe its existence. He explored and surveyed the region for three years, found that the tunnel was feasible and selected two locations for it, of which that known as the upper location has been finally chosen.

Mr. Fellows and W. W. Torrence who accompanied him, were the first men to explore the cañon for its entire length. They were ten days covering the thirty miles and during that time had to take to the water seventy-six times, when travelling on land was impossible.

The cost of constructing the tunnel Mr. Fellows estimated at $2,500,000. The next step was to secure the approval of the Secretary of the Interior and the necessary appropriation, which the passage of the National Irrigation Act in 1902 rendered possible.

By this act provision was made for turning the proceeds of the sale of public lands into the reclamation fund. The Government is empowered to execute projects for the irrigation of public lands upon an agreement by property owners benefited to pay for the cost of construction in water rents within a fixed period. The proceeds of these rents are again turned into the reclamation fund.

In the Gunnison tunnel project the Government dealt with the Uncompahgre Valley Water Users' Association, composed of property owners in the district to be irrigated. What the Government asked was that land should be pledged for the use of sufficient water rights to insure the payment of the $2,500,000 required for the construction of the tunnel, the payment to be made in ten yearly installments. The association went ahead and secured the pledges, and in its report to Chief Engineer Newell pledges in excess of the 80,000 acres required were given. The Secretary of the Interior gave his approval to the project on June 7; the $2,500,000 has been appropriated and the work of construction is about to begin.

Mr. Fellows says that it will take three years to complete the tunnel, of which two years will be devoted to boring and one year to concreting. The bore is through granite and shale, in about equal quantities.

The tunnel will be about 12 feet square and will have a fall of two feet in a thousand. Its length will be about 30,000 feet, approximately 5¾ miles. At the diverting point in the Gunnison, diversion gates will be constructed. There will also be provision for a forest reserve at the headwaters of the river, to insure the permanency of the supply.

When the water gets through the tunnel a system of irrigating canals will distribute it. There are four such canals in the Uncompahgre Valley now. The largest of these, the Montrose and Delta, is owned by a Connecticut insurance company.

There is no doubt that the diversion of the Gunnison will make the Uncompahgre Valley a region of great fertility. It will be another of the wonders that irrigation has done in Colorado. It is hard to realize that the fields and orchards at Greeley, Orayu and Lamar and here at Montrose were once as barren and desolate as the sunbaked plains down the valle and that the little irrigating ditches have effected the change.

GRAND CAÑON OF THE GUNNISON RIVER.

THE MOUNTAIN THROUGH WHICH THE TUNNEL IS TO GO.

ORCHARD NEAR MONTROSE, COL. SHOWING IRRIGATING DITCHES

TAKING CHANCES ON A BOOK

A PUBLISHER TELLS ABOUT THE GAMBLING PHASE OF AUTHORSHIP.

"Writers of books are not the most reasonable people in the world," remarked a well known publisher. "Many of them possess business views that are simply childish.

"I permitted myself to become unnecessarily vexed with a writing man who came in here to see me only yesterday. Last autumn we published a piece of fiction of his. It was his first book. Quite unexpectedly—that is, we of the firm didn't expect it, even if the author did—the book made a big success from the outset.

"Inside of three months we sold between 75,000 and 80,000 copies of it. These big sales, of course, put the young man who wrote the book in clover. His royalties during the first three months were about $10,000.

"He had never had anything like so much money in bulk before, and I grieve to say that he lost his head. He had a passion for horseracing. Now, $10,000 is a right tidy little sum of money if devoted to the ordinary uses and comforts of life, but it isn't such a terrible lot of money wherewith to gratify a passion for horseracing.

"Virtually all of this writing young man's $10,000 royalty money on his first book went into the satchels of the bookmakers. Just about this time the sales of his book began to sag some.

"He noticed this, for he was very careful in his scrutiny of our sales accounts. He figured that it would be a good thing for him to get from under. He needed some more money, and so he came to me and offered to sell his interest in the book for a pat $2,000.

"I advised him not to do this. I told him that books had a queer habit of getting their second wind and coming again, so to speak, and that he stood a pretty good chance to make a lot more than $2,000 out of his book if he'd only be patient and wait for his royalties.

"But, no, he couldn't see it. He had it all figured out that his book had seen its little day, and that he'd rather be putting it on us if he got $2,000 out of us for his interest in it.

"We gave him the $2,000, and he signed away his right to any interest in his book. It was a bit of a gamble with us, too, you are to understand, yet we had a fair right to presume that a book that had sold 80,000 copies in three months would, even if the sales were letting down some, go on winning out at least enough to make good for the $2,000 we were paying out to acquire complete title to the book.

"Well, the thing fell our way. Not long after we had given the author the $2,000 he was so eager to obtain for his interest the book began to sail along again quite wonderfully. I don't mind admitting, either, that we did a bit of extra advertising and booming for the book as soon as we had got hold of the complete title to it, and, of course, this helped to give the piece of fiction its second wind.

"Since buying the young man's interest we've sold 40,000 copies of his book, and it's still going ahead at a most profitable clip for us, although I never could see that it was much of a book, at that.

"The writing young man, of course, heard how well his book was doing after he had disposed of his interest, and it gruelled him.

"Yesterday he came in here to see me. After beating about the bush for a while he shambled to the point.

"Said he'd heard how well his book had been going since he'd sold out, and asked me whether, in view of that, I didn't think it would be only the fair thing to offer him at least a portion of the rakeoff. A straight case of the baby act, you perceive.

" 'Why should I do that?' I asked him. 'You sold me the book, and it's mine now, isn't it?'

"Oh, yes, he was willing to admit that the book was mine, all right, but when he'd sold out his interest he'd had no idea that it was going to continue to bound along the way it had, and he thought that as long as he had chiselled himself the way he had, why——

" 'And yet,' said I, 'when you sold out to me for $2,000 you were convinced that you had away the better of the bargain, weren't you—rather thought that I'd be coming out at the little end of the horn on the transaction, didn't you?'

"Well, he'd thought at the time of selling out that the $2,000 proposition would be a fair shake all around, he said, but as the sales had turned out so big since, why——

"His attitude was so childish that I became a bit warm over it. In my warmth I fell into parable.

" 'Look here,' I said to the young author, 'you know a good deal about horseracing, don't you?'

" 'I wish I didn't,' he replied, somewhat mournfully.

" 'All right,' said I. 'Now, supposing that last fall you had sold to me a two-year-old colt that had won a number of big stakes for you, but had gone a trifle lame from over-racing—so lame in fact that you had concluded that the colt wouldn't develop into a good three-year-old, and so were perfectly willing to sell to me at your own figure.

" 'Supposing I had taken that colt and patched him up and sent him to the races this spring, to find that he made good for me right along and won quite a lot of money for me. Would you, in such a case, come to me with a booby face and ask me for a share of the profits earned by the colt you had been so willing and eager to sell me last year?

" 'Would you consider yourself in any way, even morally, if not legally, entitled to any of that money?'

" 'You're right, and I'm a cry baby,' said the young man to that, his gameness asserting itself then. 'I hadn't looked upon the matter in that light, but I can see that it's the same thing. Only thing for me to do is to write another book and then hang on, eh?'

"I told him to peel off his coat and go right at that other book and deliver it to me at the earliest possible moment, and I gave him a check for advance royalties on the still unwritten book, at that.

"I mention the case of this young author because it is a typical one. With respect to a book, no matter which way the cat of public popularity jumps, most authors are inclined to be dissatisfied, and develop the notion that they are getting the worst of it.

"You see, few of them are what you'd call good gamblers. They don't want to take any chances. They want a sure thing every time.

"Now, any publisher will tell you that nowdays every book is more or less of a gamble, as every book by an unknown writer is an absolute, out and out gamble. The author, in nine cases out of ten, expects the publisher to do all of the gambling and take all of the chances. The average author is a strong believer in the 'heads I win, tails you lose' system.

"The majority of new authors want the publishers to buy their books outright. They've heard that only about one book in a hundred ever pays for the printing, electrotyping and binding of the first edition, and they don't like these 99 to 1 shots. So they want to sell outright.

"If the book looks pretty good, and we buy it outright, paying what we think it's worth—which is always a very large cut indeed from what the author thinks it's worth—and the book is a go right from the start, why, the author is sulky and disconsolate over it. He's glad that his book is a success, of course, but he has a childish feeling that his publishers have done him, and his pouting is something dismal to contemplate.

"If, on the other hand, the new author gives ear to the publisher's counsel, and disposes of his book on the royalty basis, and the book falls dead, the writer not getting anything like as much out of it as he would have got had he sold it outright, why, there again he has a grievance, and he fares forth into the highways and byways and tells everybody he meets what a crafty, close fisted, Old Scrooge lot the publishers are.

"Occasionally there's an author who takes a sporting view of all of these things, and in dealing with a man like that we're a great deal more inclined to treat him generously than with one who does the booby act and fills the air with lamentations.

"One of the most successful men now on our list of authors knew how to take his medicine when he first brought his wares to us, and he has assuredly lost nothing by it.

"The first book he gave to us on the royalty basis. It was a far solider piece of fiction than the average, but it had a still birth. Couldn't give it away.

"It came along at the wrong hour, or something, but anyhow he never got a cent out of it, for we didn't get back the first cost of putting the book on the market, and there was the usual stipulation in the contract that 2,000 copies of the book had to be sold before the author's royalties should begin. We couldn't get rid even of that first edition of 2,000 copies, and so the author didn't get a nickel out of his book.

"But he didn't make any complaint at all. Said that he'd been taking chances all his life, and that he never looked for the color of money until he saw it in his hand.

"But the next book he submitted to us he said he'd rather sell outright, because he was broke and had a family, and needed the money. He named the modest sum of $500, and we bought the book at that figure. We had a good deal of respect for that writer on account of the game way he'd taken his failure to make the cost of his pens and ink and paper out of his first book.

"Well, that second book was the biggest kind of a winner from the first day it appeared on the counters. After the first fortnight we were browbeating our binders because they couldn't let us have enough copies of the book.

"The book started right off among the six best sellers of the week, and in that particular case we wouldn't have felt at all put out, much less surprised, had the author turned up and suggested that he thought he ought to have a look-in for some of the big profits.

"But he never came near us. Didn't emit a whine when all of the newspapers, in their literary reviews, were cracking his book up to the skies, and when the publishers' trade papers were commenting upon the big sale the book was having.

"If he had taken the usual petulant and peevish part of authors in such circumstances, the $500 for which he had sold the book would certainly have been all he'd ever have gotten out of it. But when the book had leaped past the 60,000 mark inside of six weeks, I held a little conference with my partners, and we sent for the author.

"Took him three or four days to get around, at that, although he was right in New York, and when he did appear he looked to be wondering what I wanted with him.

" 'Hear about the way that book of yours is going?' I asked him.

" 'Yes,' he replied. 'Seems to be a winner, doesn't she?'

" 'Only third on the list of the year's best selling books, that's all,' I told him.

" 'I've been reading a lot about the way the thing's travelling along,' he said, not at all perceiving that I had anything in mind for him. 'Guess I'd better sell the next one to you people on the royalty basis, eh?'

" 'Well, you're selling this one to us on the royalty basis,' I told him, pulling the contract for the outright $500 sale of the book out of a drawer and tearing it up before his eyes. 'This firm's got a soft feeling for writing folks that've got some sporting blood in them and don't do the baby act,' and I wrote him a check for his royalties at the regular rate up to that date, a sum amounting to more than $6,000.

"It's not often that you'll see a full-grown man come so near falling down for no apparent reason as that one did when he cast his eye over that check. And I beg to assure you that it was by no means wholly because we wanted to retain so valuable a man on our list of authors that we decided to give him full royalties on a winning book that he had sold outright to us for so inconsiderable a sum compared to the profits, as $500. He'd never have got it had he whimpered for it or demanded it as a right.

"In other respects, too, we find some of the authors extremely unreasonable and hard to get on with. Nobody expects a writer of fiction to be a good business individual, but you'd naturally suppose that such people would read a contract, anyhow, before signing it.

"We had a fine old riotous time of it in this office a few months ago just because a new author on our list had failed to read the terms of the contract he signed in delivering a book to us.

"You see, it is the custom of publishers in these days of dramatized novels to reserve the dramatic rights of a novel in the contract. The clause is inserted in all of the contracts for books of fiction, as a matter of course.

"Once in a while some author comes along who makes a kick over the clause, and, when that happens, why, we come to some sort of an agreement with him, if his book is particularly promising, whereby we agree to share and share alike in the dramatic rights.

"Ordinarily, however, the authors skip this clause altogether, having little idea that anybody will ever want to use their books for stage purposes. And when they skip the clause, and sign the contract, the dramatic rights belong to us, as a matter of course.

"This is what happened in the case of a pretty good seller we published a year ago last spring. The author didn't pay any attention to the clause as to the dramatic rights, and signed the contract handing them over to us.

"When the book got to going well a number of different adapters for the stage got hold of it simultaneously and saw at once that it was eminently well adapted for dramatization. They immediately dug the author up, and the first thing he knew he had them bidding, and in pretty good sums, too, for the dramatic rights to his book.

"Then he came down to me, a good deal elated.

" 'Say,' he said, 'I'm going to have that book dramatized.'

" 'Yes?' said I. 'Who's going to do the work of dramatizing it?'

"He mentioned the name of a well known stage adapter.

" 'All right,' said I. 'You send him down to me and I'll talk with him and give him my figure for the dramatic rights. The dramatic rights belong to me, you know.'

"He was up in the air in less than a second, storming and throwing his arms around. I showed him the contract he had signed. He swore that he'd never even read that clause in the contract, and declared that it would be simply swinish—that's the word he used—on my part to hang on to the dramatic rights when they clearly belonged to him, the author, morally, anyhow, in spite of the old contract.

"It was a rough house sort of a time we had of it here over that little point, and I wasn't the loser, either. At that, I believe if the young man hadn't stormed and raged at me the way he did, I'd have out the dramatic rights in two and given him half.

"But I didn't. I just remained swinish."

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Direct Evidence.

From the Youth's Companion.

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said, "Now, we want to hear just what you know; not what some one else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"

"Wal, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he lifted one limber leg and laid it across the other, "I know that Clay Grubb said that Bill Thompson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell Sid Shuford's gal that her husband was there when the fight tuk place, and that he said that they slung each other around in the bushes right consid'rable."

Evidences of Thrift.

From the Chicago Record Herald.

"Mrs. Mudgely is such a thrifty woman."

"I know it. She worried herself nearly sick because her husband paid his life insurance premium two days before it was due. It would have been just that much good money lost, she complained, if he had died in the mean time."

He Knew His Business.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A country vicar, who invited his flock once a year to supper in the school room, intrusted his handy man with the delivery of the invitation cards. A day or two before the function his reverence found the faithful fellow sitting by the roadside in an advanced state of hilarity.

"Good gracious, Jenkins, what does this mean?"

"I'm dud—dud—drunk, sir."

"So it seems. How did you get into this shocking state?"

"It's all along o' them cards, sir. I takes 'em round, and this 'un asks me to drink summat, an' that 'un asks me to drink summat, and so I gets like this."

"Why, this is terrible! Are there no temperance people in the parish?"

"Lor, yes, sir, lots of 'em; but I send their cards by post!"

Had Him Off on Time.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

An aged Billville citizen engaged the town poet to write an obituary on a late friend of his, and the following was submitted:

"He left this world of sorrow
In another world to shine,
And reached the heavenly portals
Just as the clock struck 9."

"The only trouble about that," said the old man, "is that he didn't leave here till 12."

Over the Telephone in Missouri.

From the Richmond Missourian.

This conversation took place over the telephone line at Richmond: "Hello!" Hello!" "Are you 81?" "No, I'm not 80 yet." She hung up the receiver like hitting the box with a rock.

Weeping at the Ice House.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

An attendant at Mount Vernon not long since found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said:

"Are you in any trouble, madam?"

"No, sir," she sobbed.

"I saw you weeping."

"Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of His Country?"

"Oh! Indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb is over yonder. This is the ice house."

How Great Was His Hurry.

From the Louisville Herald.

"I have just come down from one of your little country towns," said F. M. Carson of Buffalo last night, "and while there I saw a great big, tall, husky-looking fellow, wearing a broad-brimmed black hat and with a mustache of luxurious growth, come rushing into a barroom, saying:

"'Hello, Bill! Give me a drink quick. I'm in a hurry.'

"'Sorry, John, but whiskey's just gave out. Have to tap a new barrel in the cellar, I guess.'

"'All right,' said John, the broad-brimmed man, 'I reckon I've got to wait; but hurry up with that drink. I just heard my house is on fire.'

"John had his drink, the burning of his house to the contrary notwithstanding."

She Wanted an Experienced Artist.

From Success.

A woman who had become suddenly rich was travelling in Europe, and while there it occurred to her that it was the proper thing to have her portrait painted by a prominent artist. Accordingly she called at the studio in Paris of a painter of high reputation.

"Will you kindly sit down and wait a few moments?" asked the attendant, when Mrs. Newrich had stated her errand.

"Well, I'm in a hurry. Is your master busy?" she asked.

"Yes, madame. He is engaged on a study."

"On a study!" exclaimed Mrs. Newrich. "Well, no matter, I guess I won't wait. I sha'n't want him to paint my picture. I want an artist who has got all through with his studies!"

The Little Woman's Retort.

From the Kansas City Independent.

The mild business man was calmly reading his paper in the crowded trolley car. In front of him stood a little woman hanging by a strap. Her arm was being slowly torn out of her body, her eyes were flashing at him, but she constrained herself to silence.

Finally, after he had endured it for twenty minutes, he touched her arm and said:

"Madame, you are standing on my foot."

"Oh, am I?" she savagely retorted. "I thought it was a valise."

He Did Not Survive His Death.

From the Detroit Tribune.

The will of Peter Johnson of Muskegon, filed for probate last week, sets a new pace in thought and phraseology. Mr. Johnson, after signifying the disposition he wishes made of his property, offers the following explanation and further statement: "Why I give all these things is because I want to have care taken of me. If I get well from being sick, I will pay the money which I owe and will also pay for my burial."

The filing of the will for probate indicates that the testator did not survive his death, and should not be harshly blamed if he failed to personally settle with the sexton and the undertaker.

In the Wrong Department.

From Harper's Weekly.

A prominent physician tells this story at the expense of the modern craze for specialization in the medical profession: A poor woman from the East Side of New York went to a nearby dispensary to ask aid for her little son, who had had one of his fingers smashed with a baseball bat. At the first room where she applied she was told by a curt attendant that the boy could not be treated there.

"Wrong place," he explained; "this is the eye and ear department."

"Vere is der thumb und finger department?" inquired the woman, simply.

The Hindoo Idea of Wit.

From Gen. Girard's Diary.

An English lady reformer of uncertain age who came here to deliver a lecture told the audience that she would be happy to answer any question, upon which a fat baboo came to the front with "How old are you?" "Oh, no," she replied. "I don't mean questions of that sort; only ones connected with the subject of the lecture." "Are you 40?" continued the baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you 50?" continued her tormentor. "Oh, no; I told you I won't answer such questions." "Are you 60?" "Oh, no, no, no; I'm not 60," the lady responded precipitately.

A shikarri out partridge shooting was seen in fits of laughter, slapping his thighs in the ecstasy of his glee. On inquiring the cause of this hilarity he hurriedly said: "Hush, sahib! That coolie," indicating one of the beaters, "has just been bitten by a green snake, but he thinks it is only a thorn! Don't tell him, or he'll be frightened and stop beating."

THE BUST OF THE REPUBLIC.

How a French Patriot Honored Liberty and Prepared for a Possible Change.

From the French.

The department of Gert in France, for a long time under Bonapartist influence, suddenly changed its politics and sent Republican deputies to Paris.

The little village of Pelougat was the centre of the reaction, and the change was brought about by the labors of a brewer named Delatouch, who secured from the chief of the Cabinet a large sum of money to restore the church and assist the victims of the war. This avalanche of benefits made the star of Napoleon grow pale, and M. Delatouch was promptly chosen to fill the office of Mayor.

Now it happened that as Pelougat was a very modest village, isolated and at the end of creation, a bust of Napoleon III. had—can it be believed?—presided over the municipal deliberations in the council hall. Dirty and dusty, the large face, the prominent nose, the mustache and imperial of the tyrant had stood on the pedestal twenty-five years unheeded.

M. Delatouch, at the first meeting of the new council, expressed himself shocked at such an outrage. The removal was instantly voted, but when he proposed to vote the necessary funds for a bust of the Republic he found his council hostile.

To overcome this obstinacy the Mayor offered to provide the bust himself. This was very acceptable.

Fifty francs was voted to light the square on the night of the inauguration of the new bust and to pay for dance music. The council separated, joyful and happy.

Five days later the Mayor was advised that the precious box which contained the bust had arrived at the railroad station at Gabarret, fifteen miles away. He appointed his deputies to go for it, and the long box marked "D," and having on it the word "Fragile," was easily found.

They thought to place it in their carriage unopened, but the station master suggested that the contents be examined first. Perhaps he did this to satisfy his own curiosity. Perhaps he had knowledge of some careless act of some of the employees of the railroad.

Whatever the motive, they followed his counsel, and opened the box. Alas! there was much paper, and many fragments of plaster. The bust was shattered.

During the week in which the railroad undertook to supply another bust the town of Pelougat was a whole ocean of passionate discussions. The curé saw the hand of God in the event. The reactionaries were triumphant.

"See, the Republic, how fragile it is. France requires a Bonaparte," they said.

When the second box was opened, the stationmaster himself could not withhold a cry of admiration. The image appeared with her face to the heavens—not one of the ordinary stereotyped busts easily made to mean liberty, or agriculture, or the City of Rouen. No. It was an imperious bust of an energetic republic, with Phrygian bonnet; and its peplum, half opened, disclosed a breast palpitating with a thrill of liberty. It could bear no thought of tyranny.

When the Mayor attempted to lift the bust from the box, alas, it, too, was broken. Three fine fissures, which no one had noticed, ran across the box.

Immovable and silent, M. Delatouch gazed at the three pieces. What was to be done? M. Bergerot, one of the councillors finally spoke.

"I think if you would permit me I could repair this," he said. "All the parts are here and it needs only a little plaster. I can make it stronger than before. Allow me to make the attempt."

When it was mended the bust was set up in the vestibule of the Mayor's office, where all the Commune were invited to examine it. Even the Bonapartists came.

Admiration was divided between the Mayor who bought it and M. Bergerot who mended it. The only drawback was a singular odor of sulphur.

"She smells very bad, your Republic," said the curé with a touch of sarcasm.

The next day the odor had disappeared, but now the visage and neck of the Republic was covered with countless small cracks, which seemed to enlarge little by little. They sent for Bergerot.

"Let it alone," said he, "I can fill these up by and by," and he kept his promise so well that the date of the inauguration was announced for the following Sunday.

Meanwhile the bust was covered with a wrap of calico to prevent it from being harmed. The night before the ceremony Bergerot, somewhat suspicious, sought the Mayor.

"Ought we not to examine the bust?" he asked. "Perhaps there may be more cracks."

M. Delatouch acquiesced, and the cloth was drawn aside. A frightful spectacle appeared. The whole face of the Republic, its neck, its bosom, its Phrygian bonnet, was covered with greenish spots alternating with black spots.

"That's your fault, M. Bergerot," exclaimed the Mayor. "If only you had not repaired the bust so badly. The ceremony is to-morrow, and there is no time to obtain another. How humiliating! We cannot use this monstrous figure. What is to be done?"

Bergerot, in a spasm of shame, hung his head. Suddenly an idea came to him.

"Leave this to me," he cried. "There is the bust of the Emperor. We will use that for our Republic."

"Use the bust of the Emperor in inaugurating a bust of the Republic? You fool! what are you talking of?" cried the Mayor, finally losing all patience.

"Monsieur, you do not allow me to explain. We will arrange that Emperor. We will cut off his mustache and imperial, and coil round his head a bonnet of calico like that Phrygian cap. Ah, I will show you how well I can do it, and since the crowd will be far away there will be only three of us to see the thing and criticise. These will be you and I and the sub-prefect. You can see that there will be no danger of discovery."

Bergerot worked all the night, and at daylight he sought the Mayor again to show him his work. It was truly a strange Republic, this of Bergerot, with such a queer indefiniteness of expression. Happily, the Phrygian bonnet, exactly folded to the pattern, saved everything.

"Your bust is not so very bad after all," said the Mayor. "You have a talent, Bergerot. Let me give you my congratulations."

"Oh, it might be worse," was the answer.

He placed in the Mayor's hand a small package.

"There," said he, "you had better put that in some safe place. It may be useful some time or other in the future."

"What is in the packet?" asked the Mayor wonderingly.

Bergerot, fastening his little eyes upon him, said slowly:

"That is the mustache and the imperial of the Emperor. I cut them off carefully. Some time, perhaps, the Republic of the present government, you understand?—I mean if ever the Imperialists should return—You are following my thought? Well, then, you will lift off the cotton bonnet, you will glue on the mustache and beard, and, see, there is my Emperor in his full rights, without its costing the commune one single soul."

When will that day come? Who knows?

The Equality of Women.

From the Kansas City Journal.

At Emporia, Joseph Tuchey, a German, was tried in police court for calling the wife of a neighbor some pretty tough names. Tuchey was frank about it. "I call mine frau names like dot," he said, "und I dink I haf do same right mit other womens."